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THE
CITY-PATRICIANS.

A P O E M.



[Price Two Shillings and Six Pence.]



T H E
CITY-PATRICIANS.

A
P O E M.

YE HAVE NOT, AS GOOD PATRIOTS SHOULD DO, STUDY'D
THE *PUBLICGOOD*, BUT YOUR *PARTICULAR ENDS*;
FACTIOUS AMONG YOURSELVES, PREFERRING SUCH
TO OFFICES, AND HONOURS, AS NE'ER READ
THE ELEMENTS OF SAVING POLICY :

YOUR SENATE-HOUSE,

— — — — — IS NOW FILL'D
WITH *GREEN HEADS*; — — — — —

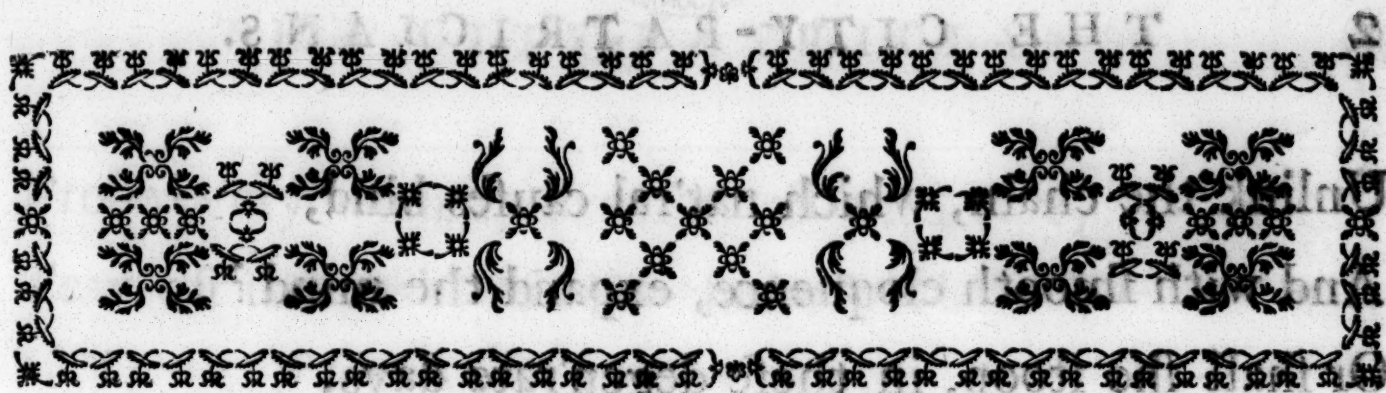
— — — — — OR, SUPPLY'D BY THOSE,
WHO, RISING FROM *BASE ARTS*, AND *SORDID THRIFT*,
ARE EMINENT FOR *WEALTH*, NOT FOR THEIR WISDOM.

MASSINGER.

L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR;
AND SOLD,
By G. ALLEN, N^o 59, IN PATERNOSTER ROW.
M DCC LXXIII.

16
17





T H E

CITY-PATRICIANS.

SAY! shall th' advent'rous Muse attempt to soar,
The fate of realms, of empires, to explore?
To mark the waste, which mad Ambition brings,
That curse of nations, and that curse of kings?
Or, fancy-led, by wild poetic flame,
Aspire to emulate Miltonian fame?
To sing of rocks, of precipices dire,
And paint the light'ning's flash, and Ætna's fire:

B

Unlink



2

THE CITY-PATRICIANS.

Unlink the chain, which nat'ral causes bind,
And with smooth eloquence, expand the mind?
Or shall she stoop, in these degen'rate days,
To censure those, whom virtue ne'er could praise;
To strip false seeming, of its specious vest,
And tear the rankling vices from the breast?
Expose the blacken'd heart to open fight,
And point the wrong, which folly thinks the right?
Or shall she, lost in meanest, servile fear,
With flatt'ring panegyric sooth the ear?
And hold some passive virtue up to view,
Nor satirize, where keenest satire's due;
Base-shrinking back, from violence and strife,
Repress the thoughts just verging into life;
And quell the dictates of an honest sense,
Forsooth, in fear of giving much offence!

No!--Come, my Muse, the nobler path pursue,
And boldly speak, but let thy words be true;

Pass

Probe every wound, examine all with care,
Tear off the garb, and lay the bosom bare ;
If VICE, if CRIMES, if VILLAINY there reign,
Cut deep, nor fear to give that bosom pain :
But, if the fairest virtues, and the best,
You find within the gen'rous, ample breast,
If MERIT shines; tho' all the world deny,
The falshood dare, and give that world the lye.

A former Bard † has lash'd a VENAL STATE,
And pointed out, the VICES 'mongst the Great ;
ST. STEPHEN'S, and ST. JAMES'S, feel the smart,
Caus'd by his free-launch'd, sharp, satiric dart.
What then remains ? Shall Satire make a stand
For proper objects, when they're near at hand ?

† The author of two spirited, and excellent Poems, well known under the titles of The Senators, and The Patricians.

What if she views THE ILLS OF PARTY RAGE,
And with a COURT of AL****EN engage?
There, factious Party now rules unrestrain'd,
Where calm Discretion, long before had reign'd;
And where the TRADING CITIZEN once stood,
Now, stands a LAWYER for the *Public Good* !

Where'erst GREAT BECKFORD spokewith manly sense,
With heart-felt warmth, and native eloquence ;
The DISSAPPOINTED PLACEMAN gains a feat,
And wrapt in fur, there finds a safe retreat ;
Brings strife, debate, and anarchy along,
The brittle idol of a giddy throng.

Where is that LIBERTY, and HONOUR fled,
Which once the CITIZENS of LONDON led?
That purer flame, which our forefathers knew.
But now condemn'd, alas ! to dwell with few.

Now

Now partial prejudice usurps her place,
And prompts the act, which ends in foul disgrace;
Degrades us, from our former glorious state,
Whilst many more, partake the lowly fate.
'Tis truth; well-known to all the world beside,
The COUNTRY-BOROUGHs, held us as their guide;
Follow'd our steps, as children do their fire's,
And caught from us, true patriotic fires;
To curb all courtly influence they rose,
Their greatest honour, jointly to oppose,
By our example led, they did the same,
And now indeed participate our shame.
But can we think to reap a blooming fruit.
Where the tree's rotten and devoid of root?

The post of ALD***AN, was once esteem'd,
And CITY-HONOURS, were right-nobly deem'd.
The Citizen of PROBITY, and WEALTH.
Then gain'd the seat, nor gain'd it he by stealth,

The body's int'rest plainly understood,
And well maintain'd it, uniformly good.
But now alas ! Is it not wond'rous strange,
That matters should experience such a change ?
For now each brawling fool who'd wish to rise,
Will catch at City-Honor, as a prize ;
Deck'd with the Toga, and the GOLDEN CHAIN,
He puts consistency to endless pain.
O! BARNARD! BECKFORD! ye who sit above,
Who once this fallen CITY'S RIGHTS did love !
Aid me to censure those, who live in fault,
Or praise the MERITS, which the MEN, exalt !

Seated o'er all, nearly in regal state,
Whilst pomp, attendance, splendor round him wait.
See To****ND rais'd. Inferior, tho' on high,
The rudest passions flashing from his eye ;
The savage soul we easily may trace,
In each impassion'd feature of the face.

Whose

Whose mind by ev'ry pique is led astray,
The mutilated Patriot† of a day.
What plac'd him on the dictatorial seat?
The double meanness of a PRIVATE CHEAT §.
But laws restrain the wishes of thy heart,
Or, TO****ND, thou would'st act the tyrant's part.
Yet if thou could'st but judge with temp'rate sense,
Thy actions might some real good dispense ;
As in thy cooler hours, light rays shoot forth,
Which mark thou might'st have been the man of worth,
But the fine feelings of a noble soul,
Intemp'rate passions ever will controul.
'Tis those have sunk thee into party scorn,
The tool of SHELBURNE, and the tool of HORNE ;

† Alluding to Mr. TO****ND's well-known declaration of hopping on his stumps to the Middlesex Election.

§ His duplicity in gaining the chair, is as public as his possession of it.

Nay,

Nay, blust'ring GEORGE†, that mighty Man of boast,
 Hath rais'd thee to thy present splendid post.
 What led thee, as a rude malicious thing,
 To scandalize the MOTHER of thy KING?
 And what----(O! TO****ND, blush, and hide thy face,)
 Has plung'd thee deeper into low disgrace?
 When one good act, consistency could claim,
 'Twas lost in vile apology and shame §.
 Reflect, hot man; reflect e'er yet too late,
 Nor live, the object of a PUBLIC'S HATE.

Loaded with princely wealth and city-pride,
 Sneering contempt on ev'ry one beside;
 With scarce a bare idea in his head,
 But what a sordid thriftiness has spread;

† BE**AS, Esq; who loudly talks of being the principal instrument in Mr. TO****ND's Election.

§ His apology to the LORD CH*****IN, respecting the last Remonstrance, carried by the Citizens to St. James's.

LA****KE appears ; that man of half a soul,
And moves in state. The premier of the whole;
Tho' years have seen him thus in office plac'd,
Not one good action hath his conduct grac'd ;
If PUBLIC-SPIRIT ever mark'd his way,
The muse would gladly PUBLIC-TRIBUTE pay.
Tho' riches might some independance give,
Yet a mean, truckling courtier he must live ;
And flave thro' thick and thin, to gain a nod
From NORTH, whom LA****KE worships as a god.
'Tis meanness all, or why thus basely wait,
And dangle at the levees of the great ?
When fortune, hath her amplest gifts bestow'd,
And honor pointed out a noble road,
Which, were he but with common-sense endued,
Or even fight, he surely had pursued.
But NATURE cannot from her dictates swerve,
'Tis very plain, that he was born TO SERVE.

D

And

And yet this cunning, pliant, low-born knight,
Cannot exist without his parasite ;
For this, doth BUCKRAM KELLY *grace* his board,
And praises, as SIR ROBERT prais'd my Lord :
Nay, should his worship want HUGH's friendly pen,
To rail at measures, or to rail at men,
He complaisantly apes his patron still,
And throws about, without intent or skill.

But pray, what foolish passion could engage
This flimsy Alderman to love the stage ?
Behold the FATHER OF A CITY stand,
A paper truncheon in his better hand † !

† He possesses a childish fondness for dramatic entertainment, and often entertains himself and attendants with rehearsing different characters. However this folly was attended with one good effect, by encouraging, and giving to the stage, such an excellent actor as Mr. Powel was.

And

And tragedy, and comedy rehearse,
A murderer of humour and of verse;
While STAYTAPE and the clerks around him wait,
The mean attendants on his mimic state.
Prudence must blush, and folly quit her throne,
Which LA****KE fills superior, and alone.

Stranger to fervile meaning, or design,
Impartial AS**LL! sure some praise is thine:
That praise, which real merit claims her due,
Is well deserv'd by BRI***N, and by you.
This truth shall stand in black-lip'd rancour's spite,
The men who act from conscience must act right,

Did ST****N**N, or AL**P, e'er gain thanks?
No. They deserve them even less than BA***s.
E'en Folly hoots, as she in public brings
Such idle, unimportant, useless things.

Hence

Hence all ye virtues, which should highly grace
 The man, who boasts his birth from noble race ;
 Who founds the *Praise* his ancestors have won
 A courtier born, the courtier Ox****D's son.
 ST. JAMES's fure will HA****Y ne'er disclaim,
 He wears his father's principles and name.
Right Honourably bound in courtly bands,
 A PR**Y COU****LOR, see HA****Y stands !
 Born in an evil hour, and curs'd by fate,
 To flave with ministers, and tools of state ;
 From ev'ry sense of honour far remote,
 A CONTRACT pays him for a VENAL VOTE ;
 So idly pleas'd, that e'en a royal smile,
 Might gain his voice, the act be e'er so vile.

Can expectation form the flightest view,
 That such a man, so plac'd, can e'er be true ?
 Can he, who ministerially fights,
 Protect a city's liberties and rights ?

No !

No ! For each man must see the truth confess,
Which should be strongly mark'd on ev'ry breast.
The great elective day will soon return,
Then let a noble, just resentment burn.
Despise the man, who ne'er espous'd our cause,
When danger threaten'd all our dear-bought laws ;
This was a crime, nor can there be a worse,
And he who acts it, merits Heaven's curse.

Come placid TU**ER, why thus lost in grief?
Mourning, GOOD MAN, will not afford relief ;
That son†, which Heaven gave, it took away,
The life of virtue is too short a day.
Were TU**ER but the public man confess,
With all that train of virtues in his breast,
Alike in office, as in private, free,
Supremely good, how great a man he'd be !

† An amiable young gentleman, who died some time since in Germany.

E

But

But various men are born for various ends,
That shines a patriot, this amongst his friends,
Freed from the curse of enmity and strife,
Within the circle of a private life,
He lives retir'd, and finds his joys increase,
The gentle joys of calmness, and of peace.

Of worth, and independency possest,
With fortitude, and native goodness blest,
Firm and unshaken in the public cause,
Tho' not the man of popular applause;
Thy character, TRE*****CK! I would paint,
But much I fear, the colours would be faint;
Yet ev'ry man of sentiment beholds
TRE*****CK honouring the place he holds.

Come jolly CR**BY! thou shalt find a place,
With all that lack of meaning in thy face;

Those

Those broad-spread shoulders, and athletic charms,
Are commendations to a widow's arms ;
What, tho' no great abilities appear,
We know thou'rt worth some thousand pounds a-year ;
How gain'd, no matter, they are now thy lot ;
Whether by WIVES, or SEAMEN'S TICKETS† got :
We know likewise, 'twas in a lucky hour,
That BULLFACE NORTON sent thee to the Tow'r ;
'Twas then the popular unfettled roar,
All-hail'd thee patriot, who wast none before.

Divested of the noisy partial din,
Behold, my muse, the worthy SERJEANT GL**N !
Altho' the body's shook with racking pains,
The mind superior, still its seat maintains,
That mind, which ev'ry art can still defy,
That mind, which hates the meanness of a lye.

† Two *Commodities*, in which the above AL***MAN has dealt very largely.

Warm'd

Warm'd by a spirit for the nation's good,
Say, what corruption has he not withstood?
And what furr'd-honours might he not have gain'd,
Had he the in-born principle restrain'd?
Worth in his soul, and in his conscience clear,
He held his country's liberties too dear,
To sell for power, or for gold be spent,
And his tongue utter'd, what he really meant.

Thy learning GL**N doth make thee foremost stand,
Amongst the long-rob'd sages of the land;
E'en MANSFIELD, deep-read MANSFIELD downsthy lore,
And THURLOE blushes, who ne'er blush'd before.
What tho' mis-judging envy will abuse,
And GL**N for want of steadiness accuse;
'Tis plain, let malice say whate'er it can,
He joins THE LAWYER with the HONEST MAN.

The

The genuine son of meanness, and of pelf,
Whose thoughts are center'd all upon himself;
Whose soul no tender, soften'd feeling knows,
Nor that sensation, which from goodness flows;
Confin'd within the money-getting trade,
As low a knight as ever Folly made;
With hoarded treasures in thy swelling bags,
Thou art more poor, than those who pine in rags.
Do plenteous viands ever grace your board,
Or is a chop†, the whole you can afford?
'Twas thought thou would'st not any sum have giv'n,
No, not to've gain'd, the prior place in heav'n;
But, see how things do sometimes disagree,
A title gain'd, and strange! you paid the fee!
'Twas not thyself, incapable of pride,
You gain'd a KNIGHTHOOD, FORTUNE, and a BRIDE.

† What this knight is extremely fond of, particularly a mutton-chop.

Tho' once a BA****P, so have many more,
To***ET, and Fo***CE, were the same before;
And they, whose merits well deserv'd a cord,
Met with, (oh shame!) a government-reward:
Go on then, HA****X, e'en wrong or right,
That pow'r'll support who made you. What? A knight.

What shed that purple upon SH*****RE's face,
That glows in ev'ry part with so much grace?
It shews the man's not given to repine,
And strongly indicates th' effects of wine.
But drinking deep is not the only feat;
SH*****RE's a very alderman to eat,
Give him his pipe, his bottle and a song,
How matters flow, he cares not, right or wrong!
Yet still he seems to hang about the court,
A *Patriot's Name* will ne'er afford support;
This is enough, nor need we more repeat;
Himself and family must surely eat.

Come

Come modest, gen'rous KIRK**N, come along,
Thy virtues well repay, the poet's song,
Thou art not high in words, nor first in strife,
Thy walk is ease, and prudence marks thy life,
Thy character, and merits speak aloud,
Without the clamours of a giddy croud,
When high-thron'd power, exerting all its might,
Depriv'd a company of ev'ry right,
Then thou, O KIRK**N! with a chosen few,
Stood boldly forth t'oppose a venal crew †;
With RICHMOND join'd, that Peer of sterling worth,
Whose PRINCELY SOUL adds lustre to his birth;
Conjointly aiding, ye went hand in hand,
And circled by corruption made a stand.
Tho' great success did not attend your cause,
The brave attempt demands a warm applause;

† What impartial, generous man will ever forget the above gentleman's conduct, respecting the East India Company.

Go on, pursue, maintain the gen'rous plan;
E'en envy's self shall hail thee, HONEST MAN.

With look farcastic, and a wicked leer,
A "ghastly grin," and supercilious sneer;
The Father of the Patriotic Tribe,
Who gives the *great* examples they imbibe:
That man who once attended on a court,
But turn'd, ('tis true) a *Patriot* in sport†;
No great misfortune ever shook his frame,
In exile, or at home, 'twas all the same;
Or in a gaol, and all his fortunes broke,
It hurt not him, for he was born to joke.
But sorrow's self, must even laugh to hear,
That WI***s should e'er an AL***MAN appear,
Skill'd in the artful politics of schools,
He'd make ten-thousand AL***MEN his tools;

† A truth the arch AL***MAN has often confest.

Their

Their ev'ry thought most plaufibly controul,
And reign fuperior master of the whole ;
For fure fome mischief all his mind employs,
He only lives in anarchy and noife.
The ftrangeft mortal, nature ever made.
Whilst round him, ev'ry vice and virtue play'd ;
And, as he pleafes, he can each affume,
Tho' constant goodnefs never yet found room :
For Nature furely mifs'd the better part,
And when fhe gave a head, denied a heart.

Yet let us ftill impartially enhance
The merit of the act, tho' done by chance †.
In him it was, that Pow'r dar'd invade
The rights, for which we have fo dearly paid.
Altho' Oppreffion bore him faft along,
He dar'd to ftop, and militate the wrong ;

† "By chance." For had not the General Warrant been iffued againft him, he had never been a *Patriot*. This he has owned.

And prov'd this truth, which ought to be imprest,
In living characters, on ev'ry breast,
BRITONS, TO CONQUER THEIR DOMESTIC FOES,
MUST BRAVELY RISE, AND STRENU'USLY OPPOSE.

O! great-foul'd SA*****GE! let my candid muse,
Each virtuous action of thy heart peruse.
Come boldly forward in the face of day,
And chase each fervile, shuffling art away;
That God who form'd thee, gave his greatest dole,
A true, innate, nobility of soul;
Where honour, candour, justice, firmly reign,
That soul, which ev'ry meanness can disdain.
Thou can'st not, SA*****GE, stoop to be a slave!
Nor cringe, and footh, a titled, garter'd knave.
Curse on that man, who lives but to betray,
And sell his country's blood-bought rights for pay!

Hell

Hell may gape wide, and set such villains free,
But Heav'n shall CONTRASTS give, and all like THEE!
Ay, such a gen'rous, PATRIOTIC FLAME,
As warms thy breast, and scarcely finds a name
In this VILE, DUPLEX AGE; an unaw'd mind,
Which ministerial arts could never bind;
Consistent, tho' oppos'd, unknown to fear,
In all thy resolutions, firm and clear;
Thy annual motion †, sure shall fix thy fame,
Whilst British Liberty retains a name.
Malice cries out, "To whom's such praises due?"
All answer, SA*****GE.----They're deserv'd by you!

The very foul of insolence, and vice,
A WORTHLESS THING, that's bought at any price;
To doing good, IT never yet could mount,
An Unit, in Creation's vast account;

† For shortening the duration of Parliaments.

That Satire blushes even thus to name,
As fearful of partaking in IT's shame ;
Created fure, when Nature was asleep,
IT's monkey-tricks " shall make the angels weep."
Spare me remembrance, help me not to find,
The vice that vegetates within IT's mind ;
The various ills which there in embr'o lay,
Were they but seen, would dull the face of day.
This tawny offspring of a burning clime,,
This meanest mongrel-monster of the time,
Shall storm for Liberty, and rave, and vote,
And pilfer speeches, which another wrote † ;
Shall seemingly oppose a venal fway,
And yet that pow'r most fervilely obey ;
Shall factions, and divisions still encrease,
A fworn, but secret enemy to peace ;

† Alluding to a violent (though unmeaning) speech, spoken the last sessions of parliament.

Thy

Thy name, O OL***R ! makes Nature hush,
And WI***s, at thy superior crimes shall blush.

And will it not make even Patience rave,
To see good-nature tortur'd by a Knave ?
To see a man of probity and sense,
His name, and fortune openly dispenſe,
In ſerving him †, whoſe thoughts are all confin'd,
Within the precincts of a ſelfiſh mind ?
Whoſe baſe ingratitude will be diſplay'd,
In laughter at the folly he has made.
What ; is not then the plain aſſertion true ?
I aſk the queſtion, eaſy B*LL, of you ?
Did'ſt thou, or thy colleague, expend the moſt,
In all the large expences of your poſt ?
Or were they borne, (to give us farther lights)
By contributions from the BILL OF RIGHTS ?

† The Patriot WI***ES.

Rouse, B*LL, for shame ! nor indolently sit,
The dupe of artifice, and wicked wit ;
Thou want'st no aid, to illustrate thy fame,
All know thou'rt honest, who but know thy name.

In all the gaudy nothingness of pride,
Which sober judgment ever will deride ;
In dress and conduct equally as vain,
Each the light product of a flimsy brain ;
Supremely great, in opposition's cause,
Yet wants the heart to merit just applause.
See LE**s rises, flutt'ring to the fight,
A Lawyer, *Patriot*, Alderman, and Knight.
And shall such Things, whom reason scorns to own,
Aspire to fill a magisterial throne ?
Such dupes to party, and such foes to sense,
Made up of talk, of boast, nay all pretence ;

Be

Be rais'd to pow'r, and honourable place,
And sink the office in their own disgrace ?
Shall he, who lost in violent debate,
Spoke loud 'gainst ev'ry measure of the state,
Who rail'd at placemen, pensioners and peers †,
Devoid of meaning, and devoid of fears,
Accept the meanest honor from a court,
And take in earnest what was meant in sport ?
Could not that bawble §, dangling at thy breast,
Afford thy vanity a little rest ;
But thou in honor's, nay in reason's spite,
Must lose the SHERIFF, in the paltry knight ?
Important Thing, enjoy your empty toys,
Condemn'd to FOOLS, to ALDERMEN, and BOYS.

† Three kinds of people, which this tinselled knight has a violent antipathy to. Vide, his speeches at the Mile-End Assembly-room.

§ A golden ornament, very conspicuously suspended.

Nay,

Nay, never stop; thy follies still repeat,
And gain in time a senatorial seat †,
There among parasites, and pimps to pow'r
Sink, as you rose, the insect of an hour.

What oily P***ER, who, and what are you,
Who gave thee first, the patriotic cue?
What zeal mistaken, and misguided heat,
Drove thee, to gain an aldermanic seat?
Did not the *Patriot*, pay his fervile court,
And want thy wealth, to help out his support?
To serve his purpose, play'd his native part,
Canvass'd full well, and made thee what thou art;
But, tho' the son of Cunning, there he fail'd,
Nor all his knowledge of mankind prevail'd;
By every blast of pow'r, thou'rt inclin'd,
Bury'd in fears, inconstant as the wind.

† It is expected he will stand candidate for the city, at the next general election.

Thou

Thou king of insignificance, and shew,
Live where thou art, contemptu'usly below ;
Nor rise, where men of principle bear sway,
Thy fear-form'd creed is worship, and obey.

O thou ! the head of all the dullest train,
Whose *Wisdom*, needs no comment to explain ;
Each filliest honor well belongs to thee,
Thou genuine offspring, of Stupidity.
But why, when sunk in indolence and age ;
How durst thou as a magistrate engage ?
With all those *sweeten'd Accents* on thy tongue,
On which *Good Sense*, and *Eloquence* were hung † ;
Thy *vast Abilities*, and *steady Soul*,
Which surely no temptation can controul ;

† For a confirmation of this *Panegyric*, see the Alderman's speech to his constituents at his election.

And think'st thou, but those men who deem thee fool †,
 Will use thee, TH**AS, as their meanest tool?
 Want but a vote to gain a full consent,
 TH**AS will give, and know not what is meant §.
 Nay, as a Locum-Tenens he appears;
 Replete with folly, ignorance, and years.
 O Nature! Reason! Prudence! Common Sense!
 Can ye not one small blessing now dispense?
 Will ye not such old headstrong men reclaim,
 Or punish them with infamy or shame?

Silence, my muse, and let all praise be dumb,
 Here are the courtiers, Ho****s, KE***T, PL***E,

† The people in office often call him so.

§ A common expression amongst some of his Brother AL***MEN.

With

With meaner Es****E in the narrow round,
Es****E, whose CONTRACT † speaks him firmly bound.
But let them pass away, nor stain the theme,
With deeply searching, what these creatures seem ;
Leave them to that contempt they all deserve ;
CONTEMPT'S THE CURSE OF THOSE, WHO STOOP
TO SERVE !

If latent vices lye, how shall we deem
Thee, RAW***SON, or give the least esteem ;
We see no badness taint, no goodness raise,
To gain a censure, or to merit praise ;
As yet, a stranger to the public eye,
Thou 'ast past unnotic'd, and unheeded by ;

† A contract for furnishing cartouch boxes.

But

But do not think to live in partial rest,
The times demand thee, to a glorious test;
Step bravely forward in the noble fight,
Preserve impartial, each judicious right;
Mark SA****GE ! see, a great, good man, confest !
'Twill surely, rouse the Patriot in thy breast.
See prudent KI****AN ! learn from him the rule,
T'expose the precepts of corruption's school.
Let Beckford's greatness in the public cause,
Inspire thy heart, to gain the same applause ;
Despise, avoid, condemn the city's foes,
And shew thou hast the virtue to oppose ;
Do not, like TO****ND, give our feelings pain ;
Like OL**ER despis'd, or L****s vain :
Sink not like PL**ER, from th' intended plan,
A thing importantless, beneath a man !

Assume

Affume the virtues, of the truly great,
And leave the vicious, to the public hate;
Let virtuous actions, all thy mind employ;
We'll praise thee, in the highest terms of joy.

'Twould be injustice here to make an end,
Without a notice, of the City's Friend,
And pass the man, who is by all confest,
To rank amongst the foremost and the best;
Whose conduct's e'er been uniform, and clear,
Whose merits and misfortunes make him dear.

If perseverance in the public cause,
Deserves a grateful tribute of applause;
If inborn goodness, spreading round the heart,
Delighting still new pleasures to impart,
If each calm virtue, bound in honour's bands,
Demands the tribute, of our hearts, and hands;

According voices shall to JA***EN raise,
Publish his virtues, and proclaim his praise,

Such was the man, when in meridian day,
E'er time had worn his memory away ;
E'er the mean, cunning tools of party rage,
Took base advantage, of a weaken'd age ;
Forc'd declarations, to support their pride,
Which prudence blush'd at, and his friends deny'd.
Nor should we wonder if such arts prevail ;
Old men are partial ; intellects will fail ;
And what the mind hath doated on before,
May live, when keen discernment is no more ;
The second childhood, still the first retain,
And all the toys of youth, may please again ;
For Reason's sun, that shone in Nature's prime,
Will still be darken'd, by the clouds of Time,

Or,

Or, faintly o'er th' horizon dart a ray,
To mark the eve, of life's departing day.

But yet, our JA***EN is to us endear'd,
Rome's ruins are still honour'd, and rever'd.
All things decay, 'tis Nature's certain debt,
'Tho' tears may flow, and minds feel deep regret.

Let free-born truth stand boldly forth and say,
Nor prejudice, nor malice, points the lay;
What honest feeling gave, 'twas that she spoke,
And thro' the planted fence of seemings broke,
To shew, the gen'ral badness of the times,
And prove, that even AL***MEN have crimes.
To hold the villain, to the public view,
To give to virtue all the praises due;

Unknown

Unknown to all, the open, public voice,
Directs the muse, without a partial choice,
To tear the film, from off the eye of fear,
And see each object stand confest and clear,
Such, and such only, was her real end,
Nor fears an enemy, nor wants a friend.

Again, my SA*****GE, let me hail THEE, GREAT!
Above the frowns of fortune, and of fate;
Thou can'st not fure, with double-meaning speak,
Defraud the poor, nor persecute the meek.
Arise then, SA*****GE, all thyself prepar'd,
Lead bravely on, and be our safest guard;
Thy full-sufficient hand can mark the way,
And teach the rule, which VIRTUE must obey.
To the great labour, all thy strength apply,
And spread the truth out, obvious to the eye.

Perhaps

Perhaps thy just example may prevail,
When, all the empty founds of precept fail.
But, if the vices of an impious age,
Impede, the fearing-virtuous to engage,
Do thou alone, the opposition brave,
Nor rest, till thou art in the silent grave;
So shall thy fame extend to future days,
And unborn-tongues with joy repeat thy praise.

With HONEST FREEDOM, has the muse survey'd
And ev'ry person in the balance weigh'd;
But few indeed, ah! very few could find,
Who e'er advanc'd the good of human kind;
Their minds all founded on a sordid plan,
Replete with no emoluments to man.
They stagger on their way, perplex'd, and blind,
And partial error, darkens all their mind;

L

Nor

Nor do I envy, tho' all Fortune's tide,
Flows, on these fons of wickedness and pride;
There is a Pow'r, who ever judges right;
Gives vice its anguish, virtue its delight;
To one, bribes, frauds, and perjuries are given,
The other finds its blest retreat in heav'n



Errata.

Page 5, line 5, for *beside*, read *besides*.—Ditto, line 6, for *guide*, read *guides*.—P. 14, l. 2, for *partriot*, read *patriot*.—P. 17, l. 16, for *you*, read *thou*.—P. 20, l. 19, for AL***MEN, read AL***MEN.—P. 25, l. 9, for *he*, read *it*.

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CR**BY, Esq;	—	—	—	14.	15.
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GL**N, Esq;	—	—	—	18.	9.
HA***Y, Right Hon. Esq;	—	—	—	12.	1.
HA***AX, Knt.	—	—	—	17.	1.
HO**NS, Esq;	—	—	—	30.	12.
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KE**ET, Esq;	—	—	—	30.	12.
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LA****KE, Knt.	—	—	—	18.	11.
LE**s, Knt.	—	—	—	23.	5.
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TO****ND, Esq,	—	—	—	6.	13.
TRE****ICK, Esq;	—	—	—	14.	7.
TU**ER, Esq;	—	—	—	13.	9.
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